

## LOCAL MENTION

Seed Corn at Klein's.  
Millet Seed at Klein's.  
Stock Peas at Klein's.  
Screen Wire at Klein's.  
Shelled Nuts at Klein's.  
Brown Sugar at Klein's.  
Country Hams at Klein's.  
Bulk Rolled Oats at Klein's.  
Poultry Lice Killer at Klein's.  
Barrel and Sack Salt at Klein's.  
Broken Rice, 4 cents a pound, at Klein's.  
Fresh Vegetables every morning at Klein's.  
June and the "good old summer time."

Squire J. D. Vance, of Elvins, was a visitor in court Tuesday.

Geo. K. Williams left Monday for Boston and other Eastern points on business.

O. L. Munger, of Piedmont, is attending to business in circuit court this week.

Fish are reported to be sufficiently energetic in striking to keep local sportsmen busy.

George Williams, of Bonne Terre, attended court here Tuesday and met many old friends.

Miss Gladys Miller went to Leadwood Wednesday for a visit with relatives and friends.

Mrs. Annie McCarver, of Leadwood, spent the past week with relatives and friends in Farmington.

Miss Leta Sheets, of St. Louis, spent Saturday and Sunday with her brother, Roy Sheets, and family.

I have an expert shoemaker now in my shop, whose work I guarantee to please you.—Johnson Shoe Shop.

Perry McCormick, a prominent farmer of the Platteau, spent Saturday and Sunday with Farmington friends.

666 quickly relieves Constipation, Biliousness, Loss of Appetite and Headaches, due to Torpid Liver.

Miss Mary Hicks went to Fredericktown the last of the week to spend the summer with her aunt, Mrs. W. W. White.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Clanin and family and Miss Leola Womack spent Sunday with Mrs. Grace Benham in Bonne Terre.

Miss Sue Watts returned the last of the week from Butler, Mo., where she closed a successful year in the school room.

Hon. Chas. M. Hay, of St. Louis, has been in circuit court here this week looking after the interests of clients.

Mrs. Walter Meyers and son, Lester, of St. Louis, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Sutherland and family.

Mrs. Alex Key was called to the bedside of her father, Dan Dix, in St. Louis this week. Mr. Dix is reported to be in a serious condition.

Bud Spang and family and Fred Butterfield and family are enjoying a few days this week at the delightful Holler Camp, on the St. Francis.

Speed fiends are enjoying the improved streets of Farmington, especially in the small hours of the night, when there appears to be no one to say "nay."

The Chillicothe Business College finished second in the race for the baseball championship of the Missouri State Conference, but in track, won first place.

Mrs. J. Clanin, who for some time has been visiting her son, T. J. Clanin, and family, left the last of the week for a visit with relatives and friends in Knob Lick.

A splendid program is being prepared for a Christian Endeavor convention to be held at the Christian church in this city next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. All are cordially invited to attend.

"Michigan" Jones has returned to this city, after an absence of six months or more, most of which time, he informs The Times, was spent with his family in Detroit, some of whom have been sick much of the time.

Several states contributed to the big Summer Opening at the Chillicothe Business College last Monday. Students may enter though any time next week and be classified with the scores of new students who have just enrolled.

A. H. Valle, the popular assistant at the Willard Battery Station in this city, left Wednesday to attend a Willard Service Station convention in session at Indianapolis, Ind. He expects to get many new ideas while there on the Willard service.

Dr. Leon Halls, who for some time past has been employed in the City hospital in St. Louis, spent several days last week with home folks and friends. He returned Sunday to his hospital work. He will soon accept a position in the Missouri Pacific hospital, which is a distinct promotion.

W. A. Brookshire, whose family is located here some time ago, has finally gotten his other business in shape to permit of his taking up his permanent abode with them, which he has been prevented from doing for some time past owing to business connections with a St. Louis law firm. He will open law offices both in Farmington and Flat River, and in the latter place will have associated with him L. P. Kindert, who has been located there for some time. Mr. Brookshire is a most capable gentleman, of pleasing manners, and has already acquired quite an enviable reputation as a lawyer. He is a graduate of Drury College and the University of Chicago Law School. He was admitted to the bar five years ago, since which time he has had considerable successful experience in the practice of his profession in Shannon county, as well as in St. Louis.

## CARD OF THANKS

We desire to express our heartfelt thanks to the many friends who were so kind, sympathetic and helpful in our great sorrow. We can never forget their comforting words. May heaven's richest blessings ever rest upon them.  
—J. W. HALL and Family.

## CALLED TO BEDSIDE OF DYING SISTER

Rev. C. Fenwick Reed, who began a series of revival meetings for the Farmington M. E. and M. E. South churches on last Sunday, received a telegram late Sunday afternoon calling him to the bedside of his sister at Brazil, Ind., whom the message stated was very critically ill. Rev. and Mrs. Reed caught the first train out for Brazil. A message was received from him yesterday stating that his sister had passed away and that they would return to Farmington in time for Sunday morning's service.

During the week union prayer services have been held alternately at the two churches. The last service for the week will be held at the M. E. Church to-night.

Evangelist and Mrs. Reed appeared here in only two services, Sunday morning and evening, but they impressed our people as being quiet, earnest and sincere workers for Christ. We believe the Methodists are going to have a meeting that will do great good for the community.

Contributed.

## A CYCLONE OF TAXATION

Arthur M. Hyde has not always been a standpatter. In 1912 he was a Bull Moose fall flatter, and assisted in the defeat of President Taft. If he continues in his efforts to set up a pigmy throne in Missouri he will wreck the G. O. P. in this state so completely that the scattering remains will never be assembled in fifty years. We don't care if he wrecks his political machine, if at the same time he does not wreck the state. The Republicans used to say: "Poor old Missouri!" She was a Garden of Eden and a land of plenty and happiness until the Republican cyclone of taxation and extravagance hit her. Our dear Republican friends (and God knows we like you personally), what do you think of your ex-Bull Moose governor as an economical governor?—Caruthersville Argus.

## AT THE CHURCHES

**Baptist Church**  
John J. Schuler, Pastor.  
We were pleased to see the good attendance at Bible school last Sunday. Be on hand for next Sunday.  
Preaching service at 11 a. m. Subject: "True Education."  
Junior Union at 2:30 p. m.  
Senior B. Y. P. U. at 7 p. m.  
Evening service at 8 p. m. Subject: "The Handwriting on the Wall."  
Weekly prayer and Bible study, Wednesday at 8 p. m. Bring your Bible.  
The Sunday school is preparing a program to be rendered on Sunday evening, June 12th, this being Children's Day.  
You are invited to any of our services.

**Lutheran Church**  
H. Hallberg, Pastor.  
Second Sunday after Trinity.  
Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.  
Preaching service at 10:30 a. m.  
A cordial invitation is extended to all not having a church home.

## LOCAL MARKET REPORT

Prepared by McAtee Produce Co.  
Who are Paying the Following Prices Today:

Eggs, per dozen	16c
Beef, per lb.	11c
Old Geese, per lb.	4c
Ducks, per lb.	12c
Stags, per lb.	5c
Old Cocks, per lb.	5c
Leghorn Spring Chickens, per lb.	17c
1/2 lb Spring Chickens	22c
Lard, per lb.	11c
Spring Chickens, 1 1/2 lbs., per lb.	29c
Guineas, each	25c
Turkeys, per lb.	23c
Tom Turkeys, per lb.	23c
Bacon, per lb.	22 1/2c
Hams, per lb.	22c
Shoulders, per lb.	10c
Old Potatoes, per bushel	85c
Muscovy Ducks	9c
Hides, per lb.	2c
Rags, per 100 lbs.	20c
Lead, per lb.	2c
Good Butter, per lb.	16c
Packing Butter, per lb.	7c
Rubber, per lb.	1c
Zinc, per lb.	2c
Iron, per 100 lbs.	20c
Aluminum, per lb.	10c
Inner Tubes, per lb.	1c

## Classified Ads.

FOR SALE—Canary Birds; young singers four dollars (\$4); mated pairs six dollars (\$6). Mrs. Fred S. Oberle, Ste. Genevieve, Mo. 22-3t

## CRONBAUGH &amp; CRONBAUGH

## OPTOMETRISTS

## Eye-Sight Specialists

Office in Taylor Building  
Opposite Post Office  
Houses 3 to 5  
FLAT RIVER, MO.

Thoroughly modern equipped examination room. We grind our own lenses. ANY broken lens duplicated same day received.



## VEXATION OF SPIRIT

"WHEN I was in business," said the retired merchant, "I never had time to read much, and I used to look forward to the glad day when I could revel in literature. I felt sure I'd be entirely happy. I used to jot down the titles of books I intended to read, and when I retired from business I had a list as long as the Russian battle line.

"And now that I can read all I want to, I don't get any enjoyment out of books. They bore me the worst way. I get sleepy

as soon as I begin to read, and my wife comes and tells me my snoring is disturbing the neighbors."

"It's that way with everything we look forward to," observed the hotel-keeper, sadly. "Man always will be, but is never blest, as some half-baked poet remarked. Young Gooseworthy was in here last evening, huddling over with happiness. There wasn't anybody around, so he took me into his confidence. He's going to marry Gwendolin Jimalong, next month, and he's perfectly satisfied that his married life will be one long stretch of sunshine. He seems to have the idea that he's going to do something original when he gets married, but the idea isn't new. Men have been getting married ever since Christopher discovered Columbus, Ohio, and every doggone man Jack of them had the idea that everlasting bliss was going to be inaugurated on the wedding day.

"I listened to Gooseworthy for three hours, and hadn't the heart to say anything that would dampen his enthusiasm. His wittering recalled the long vanished days when I was getting ready to be married. I felt about it then just as he does now. I thought the person opened the gates of paradise when he joined two loving hearts. My wife lived up to all the plans and specifications, and was and is one of the best women in the United States, but I hadn't been married three months before I had a sneaking conviction that the man who gets married is a chump.

"A good many optimists say that a married man doesn't need any more money than a single one, if he marries the right sort of woman, but they might as well go to the blackboard and demonstrate that two and two make two, instead of four. I fell for that cheerful theory when I was married. I was earning enough to keep myself comfortably, and never had any financial worries. I could have been buried for less money than it took to be married, and the expenses from that time forward were double what they used to be, although my wife was so economical she used to make waists and such things for herself out of my superannuated shirts.

"Oh, doggone it, there isn't any unadulterated happiness in matrimony. I wonder that young fellows like Gooseworthy don't look around them, and contemplate the dejected appearance of the majority of husbands. But even if they did, it wouldn't do them any good. I suppose, for they are full of pipe dreams, and they think the girls they are going to marry are different from all other girls, and that they will prove exceptions to the general rule.

"I had a wise old uncle in those halcyon days, and about a week before the wedding day, he backed me into a corner and handed me a dust-proof package of wisdom. He tried to lead me into taking a sensible view of the future. He talked about the cares and responsibilities that would be mine after the wedding, and wanted to know if I felt equal to them. He tried to show me that I wasn't going to marry an angel, but a human being like myself, with a human being's faults and frailties.

"I let him get that far, and then I told him that his gray hairs alone saved him from having his head remodeled, and said I never wanted him to darken my door, and he never did. I had to darken it myself, with waltz stain. But many a time afterward, I recalled his wise words and wept over his grave."

## Well Off.

"After all a man never knows when he's well off."  
"What's happened now?"  
"I was just thinking what a fool I was for trading off my Liberty bonds for oil stock."

## Nut Walter Wanted.

An old lady, after waiting in a confectionery store for about ten minutes, grew grossly impatient at the lack of service. Finally she rapped sharply on the counter.

"Here, young lady," she called, "who waits on the nut?" Everybody's amazed.

## The Consequence.

"At the shooting match," nobly intoned the speaker,  
"That was the reason, then, there were so many biting remarks."

## PINK ROSES

By ALICE LIBBY

"It'll be an hour's job, I'm afraid, sir." The chauffeur looked up from the machine. "Shall I call a taxi for you?"

"Well—no, Henry. I'll walk, for a change. It's not far to the club."

So Burke walked up the narrow street. It was in the poorer section of the city, and he was observing things in his usual leisurely fashion.

"Jove, what beautiful roses for a street stand."

"Flowers, sir, nice fresh roses, sir?" questioned the wizened man at the stand.

"Yes," said Burke, who always obeyed his impulses. "I'll take all those pink roses."

He had hardly spoken when, crash! a fruit cart knocked over one side of the stand, crushing many of the flowers. With ninety oaths from both parties concerned, the affair was finally settled, and the old man was arranging Burke's roses when a girl rushed up.

"Oh, sir, these flowers, the crushed ones. Can I have 'em? They're no good to you. Can I have 'em, sir?" Her voice was tragically pleading.

"Just those little few. Oh, sir, can I?" "Go 'long pick 'em up, then be off with yer," from the old man.

Burke watched her indifferently. She was slim and dark, and might have been pretty, if properly dressed. Then something in her tragic earnestness moved him—but the old man was holding out the flowers, so Burke took them and went up the street.

"Queer," he thought. "What could she have wanted with crushed flowers? How eagerly she picked them up. I could have given her picked ones, or given her mine, I suppose, but why bother with beggars?"

His roses were for Judith, of course. Suddenly he wondered how she would receive them. Would she have the joy of the street girl? Burke grew curious. When he reached the club he called his favorite messenger boy.

"Jim, take these flowers and note to this address and deliver them to the lady herself. Wait until she opens them, and answers the note. Tell me everything she says and does when she receives them."

An hour passed, but at last Jim returned.

"I delivered 'em, just as you said, and she said—" he stopped.

"Yes, what did she say?" "She said 'How stupid of Burke not to have sent orchids, when he knows of my new gown.'"

Burke laughed. How stupid of him! And the other girl had begged for crushed ones. What a fool he had been not to give his to her. At least they would have been appreciated. Judith was never satisfied. But why think about such a trivial incident!

Burke picked up a magazine and started to read, but the tragic face of the street girl came before the printed page. He lit a cigarette and strolled to the window but he could hear her voice still pleading.

"She actually haunts me. I'm all kinds of a fool, but why did she wait then? For my own peace of mind, I'll go back to that stand."

"She's just gone again. She took them off, and I told her if she'd come back I'd give her some that wasn't fresh," the old man told him.

"Wanted 'em for a dead 'un."

"Here, I'll take these," Burke took a bunch of roses and put a bill in the old man's hand and hastened after the retreating figure of the girl.

"Pardon me, but I heard you asking for some crushed flowers, won't you take these instead? They are of no use to me."

The girl turned. Then: "They're beautiful! Do you mean it? Shall I take 'em?" Then—"Yes, I will, they're for my little Bob."

"Your little Bob?" Burke echoed.

"Yes, my little brother. Two years old, he's all I had. And he's dead. Drowned in our cellar. I found him myself. The man what owns it is rich and don't care how we live. I could kill him!" She almost screamed.

Burke drew back in horror. Drowned in a cellar. How ghastly. Could any man so neglect his property?

"Terrible! Take this money and have it fixed. I'll give you a larger amount when I go to my bank." Burke was employing his only means of sympathy.

"Money! It's too late for that. It won't bring little Bob back. It'll only buy his coffin. But I'll take it, sir—for the other folks. And thank you for being so kind."

His money was half refused? Burke was surprised.

"Who owns those tenements? I'll see that he's attended to."

"Oh, sir, I can trust you—the man what owns them is Burke Kennedy."

Today, in the South end district, there are no better built tenements than Kennedy's. His name is sung by all the neighborhood. "Kennedy, the clubman," is no more, it is "Kennedy, the people's friend."

## More at Home.

"How are you getting on in the social game?"  
"Splendid," answered Newrich. "All I want is a man much more at home in his own house than I used to be. When I have a reception, my people will drag me up and I'll be able to go to my own mind and answer as often as they did."

## Boring a Tunnel.

For—

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see O. W. Bleeck

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All kinds of auto repairing.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED AND PRICES ALWAYS RIGHT

## WELLS GARAGE

FARMINGTON, MO.



## VARIETIES OF COURAGE

"KERSMITH is an awful coward," said the retired merchant. "He hasn't as much spunk as a chipmunk. This morning I saw a man half his size twist his nose, and he never offered to defend himself. He trembled all over and was covered with a cold sweat."

"And yet, under other circumstances, Kersmith might show all kinds of courage," said the hotel-keeper. "It isn't safe to jump to conclusions about such things. A woman will climb a tree, and shriek for the police if she sees a mouse."

"There are scores of different kinds of courage in this world, and you can't expect one man to have them all. A man may tremble and cringe when threatened with physical violence, and yet stand up serene and magnificent when the assessor comes to the door, and there's nothing finer than that sort of moral courage."

"There used to be a blacksmith in this town who had a wide reputation as a fire eater. He wasn't afraid of anything, people said. If he heard of a promising bruiser anywhere in the countryside, he couldn't rest until he had mixed things with him. And he didn't ask for purses or other inducements. He engaged in combat just because he loved it, and was happiest when his nose was knocked to one side, and his eyes were bugged up so that he couldn't see whether he was going or coming. He acted the hero on several occasions, rescuing people from burning buildings, and saving gents who were drowning and his nerve became a byword."

"Well, in the fullness of time his teeth went wrong and his head swelled up until it looked like a squash. He bought about a million things at the drug store, and they wouldn't relieve the pain. The doctor told him he could have his sufferings ended in five minutes by going to the dentist's, but that idea turned him faint. At last he had to go, and the dentist told him he never saw such a doggone coward. That invincible blacksmith just had to be lifted into the operating chair, and as often as he could get his breath, he yelled."

"The dentist's chair takes the starch out of many a brave man. I used to have to frequent it a good deal before I bought these hand-made tortoiseshell teeth, and I saw some moving sights when I was seated in the waiting room. Women would come in there as calm and cool as though they had just stepped in for a dish of ice cream. I have seen a girl graduate sit chatting comfortably until her turn came, and then she'd slip into the chamber of horrors without turning a hair; and then some big policeman, who'd think nothing of fighting a revolver duel in the dark with a burglar, would come into the waiting room as limp as a dishrag, sweating ice tea and groaning every time he drew a breath."

"A man might easily get a lot of false ideas about courage in the dentist's waiting room."

"That man Kersmith, who seemed so much of a coward, was sitting in the waiting room, and he was waiting for his turn to be drilled. He was waiting for his turn to be drilled. He was waiting for his turn to be drilled."

"Will rent a 2-room house, all furnished, up-to-date, 1 1/2 blocks of court house; well adapted for keeping boarders and roomers. Call and see W. A. Kennedy."

make public speeches. I've a lot of pent-up eloquence inside of me that ought to be turned loose for the edification and instruction of the people. But every time I'm called upon for a few timely remarks, I'm scared stiff, and can't say a blamed word. I just gurgles and splutters like a sunstruck lunatic, and hate myself for three weeks after it.

"But when Kersmith is called, he rises without a tremor, and smiles sweetly upon the audience, and goes ahead saying what he has to say as though in his own arm chair by his fireside. I'd be willing to have my nose and ears twisted several times to have his courage."

## PLIGHT OF EUROPE'S CHILDREN STAGGERS

3,500,000 Facing Starvation Can Only Be Saved by America's Response to Joint Appeal.

It is utterly impossible for one who has not actually seen the misery of the early Autumn in Europe to visualize what the children of the Eastern and Central portions of the continent face this winter. To say that 3,500,000 children have no alternative to starvation or death from disease except American aid, is startling, but independent observers by the score and careful scientific surveys of the economic and crop conditions overseas brand the figure as conservative.

In Poland, for instance, where 1,308,000 youngsters last year subsisted almost entirely on the one free American meal a day that they received, conditions as winter closes down, are worse than ever before. The Bolshevik invasion stripped large portions of the country of all grain. Professor E. D. Durand, Food Advisor to the Polish government, after an exhaustive survey, has reported that only forty per cent is available of the food necessary to carry the population through the winter.

In the city of Vienna tests conducted in the American Relief Administration food kitchens showed that 62 per cent of the children between the ages of 6 and 14 were "seriously under-nourished." Thirty-three per cent were maritally under-nourished, 11 per cent were slightly subnormal and only 4 per cent approached the state of a normal American child. The American Relief Administration is feeding 200,000 Austrian children every day now, and there is no chance of discontinuation of need before next harvest.

The spectacle of the medieval needs of Europe's children is equally appalling. Estimates reaching the American Red Cross go so far as to predict service in the desperate areas this winter include: Old Austria-Hungary, 750,000; new Poland, 1,500,000; Czechoslovakia, 200,000; Serbia, 150,000; Roumania, 100,000. In the last year of 1919-20 the Red Cross has reached with the valuable gift of life 1,600,000 children in the affected areas. Tuberculosis is prevalent in a terrific degree. Five children out of seven in the city of Warsaw, for instance, have been found to be tubercular. Typhus is widespread; rickets, the right hand of under-nourishment is almost universal, and cholera lifts its grim head constantly in one place and another.

The European Relief Council, comprising the American Relief Administration, the American Red Cross, the American Friends' Service Committee (Quakers), the Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, the Knights of Columbus, the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A., seeks \$30,000,000 with which to meet the situation. It has determined that at least \$20,000,000 must be for food and \$10,000,000 for medical services to avert a disaster among the three children. Checks must be sent to local committees or to Franklin D. Roosevelt, New York, or to the American Relief Administration, Washington, D. C.

When we will be helped